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THE

STATE OF GLINCOR

STATE

HISTORICAL RECORD



GLINCOR

STATE

Printed and Published by J. W. Smith, at the 'Globe' Press, No. 1, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

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THE
FATE OF GLENCOE:
AN
HISTORICAL BALLAD.

By W. HOLLOWAY.

K

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.

HOR.

W A Y M O U T H:

Printed and Published, according to act of Parliament, by J. LOVE,
at his Circulating and Musical Library, on the Esplanade.

M DCC XCH.

INTRODUCTION

THE object of this Introduction is to explain the reasons for the publication of this work, and to state the objects which it has in view. It is intended to be a general introduction to the whole, and not a detailed account of the contents. The work is divided into two parts, the first of which contains a general account of the history and progress of the science, and the second of which contains a detailed account of the principles and practice of the art. The first part is intended to be a general introduction to the whole, and the second part is intended to be a detailed account of the principles and practice of the art. The work is intended to be a general introduction to the whole, and not a detailed account of the contents. The work is divided into two parts, the first of which contains a general account of the history and progress of the science, and the second of which contains a detailed account of the principles and practice of the art. The first part is intended to be a general introduction to the whole, and the second part is intended to be a detailed account of the principles and practice of the art.



W A Y M O U T H

Printed and Published by J. Smith, at the British Museum, in the Strand, London, W.C. 2. 1851.

INTRODUCTION.

THE subject of the following lines being but little known to the world, having been but slightly noticed by historian, has to boast the charm of novelty whilst it bears the indisputable stamp of authenticity ; two very considerable recommendations in its favor. Yet the writer cannot help acknowledging himself indebted for the hint to the ingenious Author of those beautiful little pieces entitled, "Observations relative chiefly to picturesque beauty in several parts of England and Scotland."

Those stanzas were not written in 'academic bowers,' or even in the shades of retirement ; but in the hurry of business, amidst all the interruptions of active life—they are rather the effusions of the heart than the efforts of the head ; conscious therefore of their many imperfections, the author trusts he shall here make some compensation to the public, by subjoining the extract which gave birth to them.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT from GILPIN'S OBSERVATIONS, &c.

‘ AFTER the act of settlement had passed in Scotland as well as in England, in favour of King William; and the government expected submission from all its subjects, a number of the highland-clans bowed with great reluctance to the new yoke, many ineffectual efforts having been made to bring them to a better mind, the *ratio ultima regum* was at length resolv’d on; and a proclamation was issued, which threatened them with military execution if they did not take the oath, before the beginning of the year 1692: this measure carried strong conviction into the Highlands, and made several converts to the principles of the revolution.’

‘ Many however, could ill brook the idea of what they deemed so arbitrary a proceeding; and among these the loudest was Macdonald of Glencoe. This haughty Chief, in opposition to all the persuasions of his friends, would exclaim with eager asseverations, that he would suffer any extremity rather than submit. Notwithstanding however this lofty language his fears for his wife, his children, and dependants, got the better of his indignation, and he made his submission at

Inverary

• Iaverary; but by an unavoidable accident, three or
 • four days after the allotted period: tho' I think it is
 • probable that Macdonald's submission was concealed
 • from the King, who signed the fatal warrant!

• Early in Feb. 1692, a detachment from Argyle's
 • regiment took possession of the valley of Glencoe.
 • Macdonald enquired their intentions; was told it was
 • friendly and laid aside all apprehensions.

• On the evening of the sixteenth day the guards were
 • doubled, and the same night the house was surrounded.
 • Macdonald was shot through the head—The houses
 • of the tenants and dependants of the family, were sur-
 • rounded also, and every man butchered who was found.
 • a pillage ensued, and all the wanton cruelty was prac-
 • tised, which is customary at the sacking of a town.



STATE OF GLENCOE.

While seeking into the glades,
And bade his sons, his arms upraise,
And bid the embowling invaders,
The King, his sons, and his brave knights,
To seek the King, who signed the fatal warrant.

Where I stood, hero of the chase,
The forest grew around,
The forest grew round the castle,
The forest grew round the castle,
The forest grew round the castle.



FATE OF GLENCOE.

WHERE Oseian strung his magic lyre,
Amidst th' embow'ring shades,
And bade its rapt'rous strains aspire,
Wide echoing thro' the glades;

Where Fingal, hero of the chase,
The shaggy prey pursu'd,
Urg'd o'er rough rocks the savage race,
And pierc'd the trackless wood:

FATE OF GLENCOE.

In Glencoe's vale, whose rugged sides

Rush upward to the skies,

Whence many a stream or roars or glides,

Before th' astonish'd eyes,

Matchless in pride, and high in pow'r,

MACDONALD held his sway;

Unnumber'd vassals round him pour,

Who know but to obey.

Averse to ROYAL WILLIAM's laws,

His edicts he despis'd,

And, partial to his country's cause,

His own opinions prized.

Meek Mercy long with lenient sway,

The chast'ning sword oppos'd ;

And bade stern Justice long delay,

The method Fate propos'd.

At length the day of grace expir'd,

And Vengeance arm'd her hand,

Resolv'd, at long resistance fir'd,

T' inforce the just command,

Winter had hung the mountain's side,

And fill'd the vales with snow;

The trees were stript of all their pride;

The streams forgot to flow,

'Twas in a dark and dreary night,

When not a star appear'd;

Fair Luna hid in clouds her light,

And not a voice was heard—

Save the bleak north whose angry blast,

The loaded pines assail'd,

And howling hoarse o'er the waste,

The fated victim's wail'd.

FATE OF GLENCOR.

When, sudden, thro' the midnight gloom,

The martial thunder broke;

The rising flames the hills illumine,

And wrap in wreaths of smoke.

Hark!—— how the mingled shrieks ascend——

They pierce the blackning skies,

Dismay, confusion, anguish blend,

As fierce destruction flies!

There, on a sumptuous bed of state,

His temples bath'd in gore,

Th' ambitious CHIEF submits to fate,

And pants for pow'r no more!

Rous'd from sweet sleep, by labour earn'd,

The startled peasant rose;

But, O! where'er his steps he turn'd,

His bosom felt new woes.

If, in the madness of despair,

O'er mangled heaps he flies,

The murd'rous gun deters him there,

And seals in death his eyes.

If, terror-struck, he prostrate falls,

And waits the dire event,

His warm blood stains the cottage walls,

In life's last struggles spent.

So from the heary alps descend,

The rav'nous midnight bands,

Of hungry wolves, the flocks they rend,

And desolate the lands.

Ye rosy beams of rising morn,

Withhold your sacred light;

O! leave those guilty scenes forlorn,

And wrapt in endless night.

In vain the pray'r! — they fast intrude —

What objects meet the eye!

The whiten'd vale with carnage strew'd

And ting'd with crimson dye.

Where'er the gloomy cavern yawns,

Or tangled briars crawl;

Rude hedge-rows intersect the lawns,

Or hangs the mould'ring wall,

The famish'd widow's groans are heard,

Th' expiring orphan's cry,

Of ev'ry tender aid debar'd;

Nor spouse nor father nigh:

Naked, and shiv'ring in the blast,

She strains them to her breast;

But soon, the bitter struggle past,

They sink to endless rest!

Alas! the raven flaps his wing,
 And eyes his destin'd prey;
 While those that sport, and those that sing,
 At distance flit away.

The trembling wretch, whom flight preserves,
 Scar'd at th' approaching war,
 Or hapless begs, or hopeless starves,
 From friends and country far!

Accurst ambition! lawless pow'r!
 What ruin hast thou wrought?
 In ev'ry age thy short-liv'd hour
 Has years of anguish brought.

Hero's and kings, of brightest fame,
 Have stain'd that fame with blood,
 Nor e'en the glorious WILLIAM'S name
 Without this blemish stood.

But now the *Muse*, transported; turns,
 To view a happier day,
 When ev'ry grateful bosom burns,
 At GEORGE's lenient sway;

Now MERCY shines, the brightest gem,
 That decks the BRITISH THRONE :
 Th' historic page shall catch it's beam,
 And glow to times unknown.



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